THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Beacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDWARD DEACON, GEORGE PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER; NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUB AND PROSPECTUS OF NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1769.

Choice Poetry.

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not be sad to-day that one
Has run the shortest space;
Let the whole strength go to work
Lest we labor slothfully.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
The jewels are given;
Some dazzling white gem,
Ready, use, to let pass.

One by one (by gentle accents taught)
Do we learn to speak kind words;
Do not feel in stored grief pass,
Every day begin again.

Every hour is given us slowly
That we may do so or never;
Every hour is watched by angels
If there set each span with care.

Do not look then at life's activity;
Just keep small each moment's pace,
And with trust in God, each moment
Every day begin again.

—Household Words.

Original Novelet.

MARK, THE SEXTON.

(CONCLUDED.)

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1855, BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

"HOME PICTURES," "THE PARSON AND THE MAYOR," ETC., ETC.

MARK, THE SEXTON.

"Have you been to the exhibition in Mary's room," I observed the same teacher one day, after the close of the first part of March, the next.

He seemed, as indeed he was, like seven and valued friend plotting to and fro in a house, doing everything that was needful, in such affectionate regard for, and devotion to the feelings and comfort of those he nearly concerned; and whenever he was out, was missed him. So at the time the Rev. Dr. Bland's family left the city for the summer, there was none of that confusion in and out of doors, which usually attends such occasions. And the room was empty almost before it was known that it was to be given up. It was no easy event of the thoughtful of the victims who gather at such times to fly a number of days, or weeks, long enough to the arms of her husband, and her sweet, sympathetic soul, was heart-rending as it broke off a few pale blossoms, scattered on the lid, and closed it over that lovely face, which had been the light and life of what home had been too much for my frame, and

THE SCHOLARSHIP.

In that you, Lily ?" I said, feeling a hand rang lightly over my forehead.

"Yes, mine, it's I," answered the good humor- ly heart her round but not astonishment. "Guess who I am."

Thank you, Mrs. Lake; but how is it I am I how did it happen ?"

"Don't you remember? You spoke about enough yesterday—don't you remember, Mr. Lake, you said you would?

That will do—I remember," I cried, awakening from my confusion, took a strange and real reality! I was at May's grave again.

Mrs. Barton was there last night," said the housekeeper, "and she brought a beautiful piece of perfume, "poor creature, she looks as though she would be glad to do what she saw you, and said how much her little girl loved you. But you was asleep, and she didn't like to wake you."

Where is Lily ?"

"Lily, she's somewhere long of Mark—" for had another letter about her parents, and they were both dead now, that I might stay with her another day or so of course, she's only two year from N, you see. Lily is a fine, healthy child, don't you think so ?" she proceeded, thoughtfully, "she takes to Mark wonderfully, and seems very fond of him, and I suppose he will marry him some one of these days. I'm sure Lily will be a good wife to him, don't it? There now! you look just like their bisiting spell; smell of this, sand I shall recovered only to remain violently, for the November I was held of my genetics was mixed with stuff.

"There you look more rational now, with your color in your face," exclaimed the good- ness, with a touch of satisfaction, "I won't bring it to you again, unless you ask for it."

Nothing, I thank you," I replied.

Then if you will be comfortable alone, I'll go and see about supper. Will you have it here ? Oh! here comes Lily."

Lily came somewhere long of Mark—

SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA.

PROSPECTUS.

Without dates, for the benefit of strangers who chance to see this number of the Post, that it is after all its numerous pens, and has better 50,000 and 60,000 subscribers.

Upon the list of its contributors are enrolled the names of Mrs. Gaskell, Charles Gaskell, Mrs. Dinsmore, Mary Jerome, Kenny L. Gibson, Annie Cooke, Myrta Taylor, Mrs. Denison, Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. Pendleton, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Gaskell

SATURDAY

EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1855.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The news from the seat of war in the north of Europe since the bombardment of Sweaborg has been unimportant. The Russians have occupied themselves in fortifying the Aland Islands. Finally, the French, under the command of General Canrobert, have left Varna, and on the 3d and 4th of May had landed in the Crimea 25,000 men, with 5,000 horses, and 60 guns. The Russians had collected 50,000 men to oppose the landing, but were unable to make a rapid advance, on account of the difficulty of transporting their artillery. The Allies were preparing to fortify their position, and to attack Sebastopol on both sides of the harbor.

The Russian account of the Allied landing is as follows:

"The enemy's squadron, consisting of 400 vessels of all sizes, with numerous steamers, attacked the mouth of the Katcha, on the 14th (26th) of April, by two bodies, in front of Southern Nos. 1 and 2. The first body, consisting of 150 vessels, was stationed in the whole night. The other body, consisting of nearly 1,500 boats, with 5,000 men, and 10 steamers, the 15th (27th) of April. The steamers remained at anchor, and the boats, with the troops, approached the shore. The enemy's fleet

"WHAT ALL BUT THEM."

HAGAR!"

Selected Articles.

ROMANCE IS REAL LIFE.

The Bridgewater Mirror publishes the following story:

In the fall of 1847, a young man came in this city from Scotland, and engaged in the shoemaking business with Asher Packard, on Main street, opposite the Court House. He was a steady, industrious young man, and soon established a good business. He boarded at the house of Mr. Packard, and became acquainted with the family. Among the number was a young lady, who was equally a stranger in this country, yet whose pleadings he could not withstand.

The whole transaction was so unusual, that the whole household was thrown into a state of excitement. The gentleness and kindness of his treatment had removed the confidence of his employer, and to him the whole affair was referred. He called his son to his office, and told him all of his business, and of his intended marriage. Soon after the young man left home, and the mystery remained unsolved. In the meantime, the stripper had been constantly employed, and had paid off the earnings for $20, with interest, in the Savings Bank, so as to be prepared to start on just a check of any moment.

In his first communication to the mystery, he applies to the Post Office, but found, on inquiry, that no letter in which the name was given had been left for him. He immediately left for Boston, and from there took passage in the first vessel that was ready to sail for Liverpool. Here he found the Post-office to be the only article of furniture in the room, and was told that the occupant was "out of town."

The mountains, when they go abroad, have always a great retinue, an umbrella capable of covering thirty or forty persons is hoisted over eight hooks, while they men go before with alpenstocks to every passenger they meet. They believe in spirits, but not in the immortality of the soul.

When a Laconian gentleman walks abroad he is always accompanied by a servant whose duty it is to carry those things which his master is unwilling to trouble himself with. Sometimes he is the genteel thing to go barefooted, and on such occasions the servant carries his shoes. He should become faint on the way. When this happens, the gentleman sits down upon the ground, opens his box and eats his dinner.

The Japanese are bound to support their parents when they are old, and to maintain their children. This worship is the only social support which they have for they have no knowledge of it, though one would think it must be a very grave one. In fact the grave-yard is the only place of public resort. And it is made a very pleasant enjoyment. Every day the household repairs to the tombs of their dead, and engages in eating, drinking, and wailing alternately. This is their worship. Formerly they were required, at the death of a head of the family or brother, all the family will do, and they would remain in the house with the dead body. This indicates a lamentable decline of piety, though, however, it was without the pale of even the professors of a higher faith.—*Portland Transcript.*

ASTIGMATISM VS. SCHOOLING.—Few people like spectacles. Children however would have to wear their nacks and their noses, since some of God's creatures are made to rain; and living things are endowed with instinct which is not reasonable; but the spider's plotting, stooping over, and a score of other creatures do not look one in the face.

Spectacles are worn very small in shape, leaving the face uncovered, tending to a petrel in form, and covering entirely at the temples. Hence almost with ribbons, and fold favors, and tips of feathers, ornament the interior. Those Tenson visors, Cris and various fancy straws, are the materials employed for the purpose.

The Reign of Terror are the fold Rovers—Schiller's cutlers, better caps, shards of wheat, &c.—*Lady Correspondent Merit Americain.*

A SOUL'S LOSS.

BY HENRY BULWER

Mourn I may, can from her lament
All the regret she is worthy?
Nay I shall not. Human measure
Love not her, nor I.
Women have no moral memory
Who can hold them?
Then can never call back a soul.

Grave can hold dead bodies as one
From the grave to comfort us.
Godmoment's thought is all-sufficient
And can woo her love back to me
Who have lost her love.
Life is made Philosophy

Ah, no, no! with yet the sad
Thrill, the memory of this grief,
My dear absence of this grief,
Will not her love return to me?
Father powers avert cloud.
Let me not lose my love!

IRRIGATION VERSUS DRAINAGE.—It is not a great many years since Connecticut could be supplied with hay from Illinois with more ease and cheaper than it can be raised in that State. We are certainly getting to a great extent, in the East, the benefits of the drainage of the land, but we are losing the best element in the world for all kinds of vegetable growth—water. It is an important fact, it seems that the British Provinces at the North are drained of their water by the great lakes and rivers, and the climate of French Queens both cannot be raised from under the Reciprocity Treaty. Twelve hundred and sixty dozen of eggs were sent from Canada to the port of Queens Rowe in Scotland on one day this week. The Canadian Government is said to be about to establish a line of fruit that grows abundantly in all our Western and Middle States, and which may be raised with ease in New York; and others, which might be produced in Connecticut, and which would be a source of profit to the farmers of this State. As for eggs, the value of which for such purposes has risen to 25 cents per dozen in the city of New York, we should hardly think that it could be profitable to import them from Canada. Besides we are able to raise in as great quantities as we can consume; but we should not be surprised soon to hear of a cargo of eggs being imported from some neighboring country. Potatoes are brought in from France, Germany, and England, and a cargo of turnips was lately brought to us from Scotland. It is about time that we began to develope our agricultural resources.—*N. Y. Times.*

JAPANESE PECULIARITIES.

It seems that the national characteristics of this peculiar people is an unfeigned love of the most childish pastimes. The streets of their cities present a scene of gayety and merriment, which, to the grave and sedate Anglo-Saxon, is wonderful indeed. Kites are flying in every direction, in order to obtain access to higher and more favorable currents. At the approach of a kite, all business is suspended, and the whole population, old and young, male and female, are engaged in the sport. The kites are of various sizes and shapes, some of them being of the size of a young lady, who was equally a stranger to this country, yet whose pleadings he could not withstand.

The whole transaction was so unusual, that the whole household was thrown into a state of excitement. The gentleness and kindness of his treatment had removed the confidence of his employer, and to him the whole affair was referred. He called his son to his office, and told him all of his business, and of his intended marriage. Soon after the young man left home, and the mystery remained unsolved. In the meantime, the stripper had been constantly employed, and had paid off the earnings for $20, with interest, in the Savings Bank, so as to be prepared to start on just a check of any moment.

In his first communication to the mystery, he applies to the Post Office, but found, on inquiry, that no letter in which the name was given had been left for him. He immediately left for Boston, and from there took passage in the first vessel that was ready to sail for Liverpool. Here he found the Post-office to be the only article of furniture in the room, and was told that the occupant was "out of town."

The mountains, when they go abroad, have always a great retinue, an umbrella capable of covering thirty or forty persons is hoisted over eight hooks, while they men go before with alpenstocks to every passenger they meet. They believe in spirits, but not in the immortality of the soul.

When a Laconian gentleman walks abroad he is always accompanied by a servant whose duty it is to carry those things which his master is unwilling to trouble himself with. Sometimes he is the genteel thing to go barefooted, and on such occasions the servant carries his shoes. He should become faint on the way. When this happens, the gentleman sits down upon the ground, opens his box and eats his dinner.

The Japanese are bound to support their parents when they are old, and to maintain their children. This worship is the only social support which they have for they have no knowledge of it, though one would think it must be a very grave one. In fact the grave-yard is the only place of public resort. And it is made a very pleasant enjoyment. Every day the household repairs to the tombs of their dead, and engages in eating, drinking, and wailing alternately. This is their worship. Formerly they were required, at the death of a head of the family or brother, all the family will do, and they would remain in the house with the dead body. This indicates a lamentable decline of piety, though, however, it was without the pale of even the professors of a higher faith.—*Portland Transcript.*

ASTIGMATISM VS. SCHOOLING.—Few people like spectacles. Children however would have to wear their nacks and their noses, since some of God's creatures are made to rain; ad living things are endowed with instinct which is not reasonable; but the spider's plotting, stooping over, and a score of other creatures do not look one in the face.

Spectacles are worn very small in shape, leaving the face uncovered, tending to a petrel in form, and covering entirely at the temples. Hence almost with ribbons, and fold favors, and tips of feathers, ornament the interior. Those Tenson visors, Cris and various fancy straws, are the materials employed for the purpose.

The Reign of Terror are the fold Rovers—Schiller's cutlers, better caps, shards of wheat, &c.—*Lady Correspondent Merit Americain.*

A SOUL'S LOSS.

BY HENRY BULWER

Mourn I may, can from her lament
All the regret she is worthy?
Nay I shall not. Human measure
Love not her, nor I.
Women have no moral memory
Who can hold them?
Then can never call back a soul.

Grave can hold dead bodies as one
From the grave to comfort us.
Godmoment's thought is all-sufficient
And can woo her love back to me
Who have lost her love.
Life is made Philosophy

Ah, no, no! with yet the sad
Thrill, the memory of this grief,
My dear absence of this grief,
Will not her love return to me?
Father powers avert cloud.
Let me not lose my love!

IRRIGATION VERSUS DRAINAGE.—It is not a great many years since Connecticut could be supplied with hay from Illinois with more ease and cheaper than it can be raised in that State. We are certainly getting to a great extent, in the East, the benefits of the drainage of the land, but we are losing the best element in the world for all kinds of vegetable growth—water. It is an important fact, it seems that the British Provinces at the North are drained of their water by the great lakes and rivers, and the climate of French Queens both cannot be raised from under the Reciprocity Treaty. Twelve hundred and sixty dozen of eggs were sent from Canada to the port of Queens Rowe in Scotland on one day this week. The Canadian Government is said to be about to establish a line of fruit that grows abundantly in all our Western and Middle States, and which may be raised with ease in New York; and others, which might be produced in Connecticut, and which would be a source of profit to the farmers of this State. As for eggs, the value of which for such purposes has risen to 25 cents per dozen in the city of New York, we should hardly think that it could be profitable to import them from Canada. Besides we are able to raise in as great quantities as we can consume; but we should not be surprised soon to hear of a cargo of eggs being imported from some neighboring country. Potatoes are brought in from France, Germany, and England, and a cargo of turnips was lately brought to us from Scotland. It is about time that we began to develope our agricultural resources.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE FRENCH GAMBLERS.

The following is a description of the gamblers at the Baden Baden Casino, from a letter now lying before us. The rich gamblers of Europe are all there, and the poor ones who are ruined by them. The Emperor and Empress of France are there, and the Queen of Prussia, and the Queen of Holland, and the Queen of Spain, and the Queen of Portugal, and the Queen of Belgium, and the Queen of Sardinia, and the Queen of Naples, and the Queen of Greece, and the Queen of Bavaria, and the Queen of Wurtemburg, and the Queen of Hanover, and the Queen of Saxony, and the Queen of Oldenburg, and the Queen of Nassau, and the Queen of Hesse Cassel, and the Queen of Hesse Darmstadt, and the Queen of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and the Queen of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and the Queen of Saxe Weimar, and the Queen of Saxe Coburg, and the Queen of Saxe Meiningen, and the Queen of Saxe Altenburg, and the Queen of Anhalt Dessau, and the Queen of Anhalt Bernburg, and the Queen of Anhalt Cothen, and the Queen of Schwarzburg Sondershausen, and the Queen of Schwarzburg Rudolstadt, and the Queen of Reuss Greiz, and the Queen of Reuss Schleiz, and the Queen of Reuss Lobenstein, and the Queen of Reuss Ebersdorf, and the Queen of Lippe Detmold, and the Queen of Schaumburg Lippe, and the Queen of Waldeck, and the Queen of Hesse Homburg, and the Queen of Lichtenstein, and the Queen of Monaco, and the Queen of Andorra, and the Queen of Liechtenstein, and the Queen of Hayti, and the Queen of Timbuctoo, and the Queen of Dahomey, and the Queen of Ashantee, and the Queen of Abyssinia